



France Fr. 9.00 Sweden Kr. 9.00 Spain 6.00 Holland Fl. 4.75 Germany DM. 6.00 Denmark Kr. 19.95 USA & Canada \$1.35

FIFTA

Volume 12 No 2

NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF 18

Depilation Manual
How To Be
Pubeslessly Perfect

**Female
Sexuality
In The 70's**
Are Women
The Hungry Sex?

Tube Boobs
Tasty TV
We'd Like To See

PLUS:
Sucker!
A Story With
A Vicious Twist

The Magazine For Vigorous Valentines

Still Only
50p

A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing black lingerie, sitting in a car. She is looking down at a small glass filled with a clear liquid and ice cubes. Her left hand rests on her head, and she has red-painted fingernails. The background shows the interior of a vehicle.

Get in gear
with Ginetta
on page 19

FIESTA



A RUSSELL GAY PUBLICATION

Editor: Chris Cursin Assistant Editor: Eric Fuller
 Art Editor: Alan Ashby Assistant Art Editor: Phil Crewdson
 Production Manager: Jenny Gulka Advertising Manager: Alison Nixon
 Assistant Man. Director: Brian Williamson Publisher: Russell Gay



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WHY THE ALL-TIME GREATS READ FIESTA



11. The Invisible Man

Something else only in his imagination knows, the most outright shaggin' in town had this to say about his favorite song:

"I tell you, it's as joke being invisible. Look at me, thirty-five years old and still I haven't got a girl. Nobody notices me. People run right through me. That's why I like Fiesta. With a copy of Fiesta in your hand, you're the center of attention. People take notice of the man with a Fiesta. It's a surprise that's very easy on the eye - just like me!"

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Published monthly by Galaxy Publications, Hermit Place, 252 Belize Road, London NW6 4BT

Designation by Peter Udo. Printed in England c FIESTA



Gretta

Photographed by Peter Press







It was one of those days. One of those beastly hot summer's days when just the blindest thought can make you sweat with the effort of it all. One of those days when a girl knows that there's more to Life than lying around in hammocks. But she's fidgeted if she can put her finger on it. And this particular hot summer's day, Ginnie was more fidgeted than usual.

She'd worn her pretty cravat to a blouse, lying around in a hammock waiting for it to come to her. But whatever those other things in Life were, they were keeping a very low profile that day. So she got up and mooshed around the patio for a bit. Na, she thought, as she squirmed herself into a wickerwork garden chair. It's not sitting around in wickerwork garden chairs either.

So, as slowly as she could, she turned the page and went inside and took off the rest of her clothes. Maybe, she told herself, just maybe it all happened for you when you took a lie-down on the bed. She gave it two or three hours, just to see if it grew on her. But, alas, enlightenment came there none. Whatever else there was to Life, other than lying around in hammocks all the living day, it wasn't resting your cravat on a bed with a nosy photographer and his chummy assistant telling you to do this and move that way and mind that bloody light, love. She preferred the hammock.

So she sat down and tried to remember. She recalled being born on a sunny morning in 1955. So that would make her . . . twentyish. Too hot in work it out to these places of decimal. She remembered how she dressed for work every day, in black satin underwear, chartreuse stockings with matching suspenders, spike-heeled booties and very little else. Maybe she was a

receptionist in a massage parlour? Perhaps she worked as a shapgirl, in that well-known West End establishment that entered for retired Colonels with a yen to be soundly spanked? Or was she just plain kinky? Dear me. It was so difficult to remember things on hot days like this one. Best to go back to the hammock and think about it a bit more, later on . . .









Leslie Barnbridge, ex-Editor of the feminist mag Health And Efficiency, is one of Britain's most passionate practitioners of public depilation. She's here — necessity of which hair are well known — especially to readers of last month's Depilation Dossier. This month she rounds off her treatment with a few hints on what to do, and what not to do, when you feel the same way he does.

PEOPLE often ask me how I got started as a passionate, some would say highly enthusiastic, advocate of the shaven pubia. Before I go on to describe some of the methods you can use to attain the desired state of pristine baldness, I'll take you back, back to an episode which opened my eyes to the beauty of the hairless pussy, and the ugliness of the pubes... .

Hair, Horrid Hair!

I can remember it as clearly as if it was yesterday, it was all of twenty years ago. I was in Italy, on the Poerio Gulf, and the month was June; very sunny and very hot, but, merci-

fully, dry. This June day found me on a hot, sandy beach endeavouring to photograph the nappy torso of a raven-haired Irish girl. Hopping intermittently from foot to foot, to minimise blistering of the soles, is not conducive to fine focusing. It is more conducive to the generation of rich inventive. Curves calling down blights on sand, sun, and flies poised from my lips in a steady undertone. I needn't have worried. She was



equally resolved to do just that. The pants dropped, and with it my face. Right amidst of them, I saw a girl holding a clump a triangular-shaped object that those uninitiated in such mysteries would have been forgiven for believing to be some primitive form of animal. Like the hairy mutation of a limpet that had undergone a sea-change.

"My God," I muttered, recovering slowly from shock. "It looks like a bloody door-mat." I ground my teeth and began to shave away with a demonic zeal. The first set of scales had dropped from my eyes, and what I had seen that day, I did not like ever again. Bainbridge The Barber was born that day!

On the way back to the car, I said, "The next time we'll dispose of the hair, huh?"

Surprisingly she did not demur.

Two weeks later, while preparing for our second session, she pulled back her house-coat and revealed the movement of scales. I asked if the depilatory cream had worked. I stood transfixed in an ecstasy and a second set of scales shattered to smithereens. Clear-eyed but with typical British restraint, I just said, "That's better. That's much better!" I have been stuck on the beauty of cum ever since.

I tell this story to make two points — points that encompass the basic motivations of nearly all devotees of pubic depilation. First, the overall cosmetic appeal of the hairless condition enhances femininity. Secondly, it aids the appreciation of the real beauty of the female genitals. All other arguments for and against pubic depilation are either misguided or bogus, by my book.

But who are the birds who shave, cream, wax and pluck the plumage from their pulses? Well, models for one — if they are asked first, and know that their obtaining work depends on



u. In this present age of the Naked Scruff — the photo-naked have at last come into their own! — photo-sessions are now a must to keep up the controversial discussion on what is cosmetically sensible. Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when no self-respecting model would present herself for photography without first ensuring that she was properly shorn — by whatever depitory method. And believe me, the methods are many and varied.

Cutting Comments

Ten of the list is the old-fashioned system of shaving with brush, lather, and a keen blade. It's a time-honoured method all right, but the operation is not as simple as it sounds. First, if the growth is luxurious, cut it down to reasonable proportions with a pair of scissars. Then, armed with a sharp razor (thinner than truck with those damnable ladies' versions), fitted with a new, double-edged blade, proceed thus: wash or rinse the area well, then while it's still wet apply soap, lather with a brush and shave — *in the direction of the hair's growth*. This last is most important, if one is to avoid hair-rash or "string". After completion, rub in some depilatory, baby oil or the like to renew skin-tension, or best results, get husband or boyfriend to perform. They're familiar with razors, and can get

to the more awkward parts. A gentle rubbing can also be the means to a mutual turn-on, of course. If one becomes so inclined, why not? But keep the razor out of range!

Contrary to popular opinion, pub-shaving does not stimulate increased hair growth. This appears so because the hair is cut across its shaft and the remaining stubble, on its way back, feels bristly and obtrusive.

Cream Your Crotch!

The same is not true of the next popular method — depilatory creams. All those currently on the market are reliable, but not all of them are safe for all skins. Many skins are allergic to some of the chemicals.

To discover one's degree of tolerance, test a little of the cream on the skin of the vulva or in front of the epiglottis. If it is a place where the effect of any rash will be maximal — if there is any subsequent rash, try another cream, and another, until you find one that suits. In the Thirties the stink of the stuff put the birds off using it, but today this presents no problem. Odour is not a problem, except, perhaps, with the fastidiousness of some.

The method of applying the creams is given in the instructions that accompany the products. Follow them faithfully, but in the case of the vulva one further piece of advice will not go amiss. Before applying the cream is advisable to plug the vagina with cotton wool, so that wayward secretions of the cervix do not enter the vulva. This will bring tears to the eyes if it does! If, however, there are cuts and abrasions in the area do not use the cream as it'll sting like hell. After the hair has been rinsed off apply a little wash based

THE EXPERTS SAY: NO!

LET'S suppose you're like most women, and that you're hairy between the legs. Only you'd rather not be hairy there any longer. And let's suppose you want to be pubescented by an expert, by a professional beautician, so that you'll get it right first time. Where do you go?

A good place to start, you'd be forgiven for thinking, would be in the pages of glossy high-fashion magazines like *Harpers Bazaar* or *Vogue*. After all, high-class "beauty clinics" specialising in "superficial hair removal" advertise themselves by the score in such mags. But you'd be disappointed. I talked to fifteen such establishments, and very quickly learned

A vintage, slightly faded color photograph of a nude woman sitting in a field of tall grass and low-lying flowers. She is positioned in a three-quarter view, facing towards the left. Her body is angled slightly away from the camera, with her right leg bent and her foot resting against her left knee. Her arms are tucked under her legs, supporting her weight. She has long, dark hair and is looking directly at the viewer with a neutral expression. The background is a dense, green, overgrown area.

watch out for nicks, cuts, and tender vaginal insides! Regular attention to these disciplines will eventually considerably inhibit the growth of hair.

The Wild Wax Way

Another method used for the removal of superfluous hair, and a time-honoured one that has its origins way back in antiquity, is the use of wax. Wax as a system of beauty treatment was practised not only by the Greeks and Romans who, no doubt, learned the practice from other ancient civilisations. It is still practised in reputable beauty salons and is considered to be the most effective depilatory treatment short of electrolysis. But it has one disadvantage, by very nature of the process, it hurts. You need some anaesthesia if it does hurt — but only what can reasonably be tolerated. Quite, say, I, but only if his use is confined to the arms, legs and the upper lip — where its efficacy is most marked? But was it good for public depilation? No, definitely not. A beautician friend of mine once told me that she had to go to Spain to remove her pubic hair. She winces to this day when she recalls the event! But other areas are often depilated with it.

With wax depilation, the hair is removed from the root itself. This means that regrowth is slower than it is with either of the other methods mentioned above. The emerging hair is also softer, making it so much easier to deal with in subsequent applications. The method is to cover

appears to be average but, again, there is no hard-and-fast rule. I have discovered that there must be sufficient regrowth of hair for the cream to obtain an effective grip — hence the need for what may appear to be a lengthy period between applications. However, if the more meticulous of you find the gradually emerging stubble unsightly, the problem will be solved by the use of any good hair-bleach obtainable from your friendly neighbourhood chemist. But if you use this

otion with cotton wool to
assuage any smarting this might
result. Some skins, especially in
the early stage of the depilatory
experience, are ultra-sensitive.
Apart from wash basal, we use no
comestics on the depilated area
for at least 24 hours after
application.

that superficial pubic hair isn't superficial in their book. Only one clinic actually admitted that women had ever popped that question to them! To a man, they go as far as removal of "Bikini fin" hair and no further. But less you think this means that pubic depilation is going out of fashion, take a look at the ads for younger women's mags like *Playboy*, *Playgirl*, *Playboy* magazine, and *Playboy* magazine. A number of depilation creams and services advertised there, very few of which have the words *Pubic Shavers Need Not Apply* written across them! Maybe it all means that pubic shaving is becoming the thing for younger women. And that's a very nice thought indeed!

watch out for nicks, cuts, and tender vaginal insides! Regular attention to these disciplines will eventually considerably inhibit the growth of hair.

the hair follicle. It subjects the hair to a shock of electricity, and after a few seconds the dead hair is removed. It's one hair at a time like this, so it's pretty slow going. So far, so good. But surprise, surprise, the electrolysis people to whom I spoke don't touch the crotch. They say they can't recall ever having received enquiries for the same — but even if they did receive them, they say they would not do it.

A spokesman for a distinguished clinic that specialises in electrolysis told me that they also shamed the under-arms. Why, I asked him. Because, they say, these glands damage to important glands that lurked in both regions. That's why, it seems to me that their knowledge of anatomy is a trifle limited. The lymphatic glands, to which they obviously refer and which are close to the surface of the skin in the area of the arm-pits, may be exposed to the hazard.

To my mind, however, a skilled operator would be concentrating her attention on hair follicles, so the risk surely would be minimised if not non-existent. And no lymphatic glands are to be found on the pubic proper. They are, however, to be found along the tide of the grove — yes along the tide of the grove — yes the clinic is prepared to remove hair from these sections, the better to achieve the fashionable bikini line! I am still trying to fathom out their reasoning. Maybe they're right — or maybe they're still living in the past . . .



A modern depilatory system such as is likely to produce everything else for lasting results is Depilac. It has been introduced to this country by Slim Master of Merseyside. During its 18-month sojourn there has been a growing demand by several beauty salons for the machine that works the Depilac. In fact, these operations have gone wholly over to its use, to the exclusion of other traditional methods. It's certainly all the rage in the United States and Japan.

SHAVERS YOUNG & OLD: WHY?

JO PRIZES for knowing why a man made a deliberate policy so appealing — "so erotic." But why do women share? Is it because they are more honest, or is there some reason behind the fascinating interest a public celebrity has shown to several pubescent friends to find out . . . ?
Mrs. L is a London housewife, married with two kids. She said that she started to look at her pubes purely for "hygiene reasons". But when her husband asked her to do it, she delighted, she was encouraged to continue — for the two best reasons in the world!
The same is true of an ex-secretary of mine, who now singsout in Wales. I once took her to a Nudist Club and was almost knocked sideways when I was faced with her hairless parts. My undignified look of awe must have been apparent, for she said, "It's like a beacon," "Oh, we do it for hygiene, but that's not my only reason. They're my husband's, he's got a real problem."

and I found that fun." Then there's the instance of a young man I met who had aspirations to be a model. I prevailed upon her to shave, which she did under protest. Some two weeks later, when we met again, he told me that the effect of my shave had nothing short of electrifying. He himself was soon being shorn in turn, with the result that the ador-and-ade of their unshaved brethren gave a novel spurt to their living lives. That was five years ago, and I never let her public hair grow since!

Now, the sexual ham-on is not the reason some girls remove their pubic hair. Quite a few are motivated solely by their reasons.

A beauteous friend of mine tells me that, as an itinerant freelance, it was more likely to be come in at the same salons at the same time.

The majority of women who have had their pubic hair removed do so for aesthetic reasons, to bring "a smoothness and softness" to the area.

Quite simply, what happens is that the offending hair is grasped by special electronic tweezers. The skin is not touched. A current of electricity is switched through, pulverising the pelt. After a few seconds the hair comes away from its root. There is no skin damage, no possibility of irritation, and allergies do not figure in the scheme of things. Nothing is felt.

Although no claim is made to permanency, in the first instance, nevertheless the hair is progressively weakened and subsequent treatments become less frequent until they are phased out altogether. The great benefit of such a system is that it may be used with complete safety on any part of the body. So crotches and arm-pits do not qualify as special no-no areas.

In the End

I am convinced that as our attitude to nudity changes and becomes more nakedness, in whatever country, becomes increasingly complacent; the cause for depilation of the female pubis will advance. Just as at one time the commercial appeal of the naked arm pit became its impact on western society, so much so that it is now standard practice, so also will the hairless crotch make its mark. All that we advocates of a progressive thought need to do is sit back and wait. There can be no future for those who reject the bald substance of custom or the kicks they get from the o'clock shadow.



DEE

**A
Fiesta
FAVOURITE**

Photographed by
Donald Milne



Dee's young French hood is always with
wistful motions. Notice his hand-tremor.
young French chippies who'll come
for her in white Jammies and a
tumak of their hair him. Buddha's
France, to split her off to a
galore who in Monte or a
skimpy weekend in
Montmartre. She's
very, very French.
Dee's every little
sister and
The day like
money is
barely
seen.



teen years in the making. She insists that she's really very mature for her age. She demands to be treated like a worldly-wise "woman of, say, twenty-five or even thirty." "She's Page de ses pensées," she says. One could have the age of one thousand, we suppose. Dee can't really help it if she's wise beyond her years, can she now?

Beretta
Beretta
Italian
models





and a French name. Dee avoids her very
maternal childhood in the shadow of
Mont Blanc. She was sent to school
in Monastier, and would like to
work in London. At the moment
she rents a flat, doing a little
of this and a little of that
as the fancy takes her.
"Il y a toujours un
homme qui vient
me chercher au
bureau," she
explains.
over an
hour ago







DEE
A
TIBIA
FAVOURITE

Eva





Eva

Eva is a strange girl. One minute she's frisky and full of beans, and you know what that means. Next, she's lying back like it's all a bit too much to take, and would someone please bring me a nice cool drink and a lit cigarette and light it for me? She's like a kitten who can't decide whether she wants to meow about, curl up and have a nice nap, or just watch the world go passing by. A lazy-days lady.

Eva says it's because she's a Pisces. She loves water. She says she was a mermaid in a previous incarnation. Oh yeah, say we. She says she does "things" to her. She says that a bath should take at least an hour, and she says it should be shared with somebody nice who likes to scrub backs and who won't tickle toes all the time, and doesn't mind sitting in the end with the plug. Eva says her boyfriend is a plumber, and that he really knows how to turn her taps on. We don't believe her.

Eva, like all Pisces types, is terribly, terribly sensitive as well. She's very disturbed by current trends in environmental demography and the Catastrophe Theory as applied to urban hyper-expansion. Yes and No, say we. It depends on how you look at it, say we, and then we ask her to move her left thigh a little to starboard for the next shot. Small Is Beautiful, says Eva, and I went to live by the side of the sea in a small fisherman's cottage and get in tune with the wild sea and the whistling wind. Isn't that nice?

Any small fisherman who feels Eva could plug a hole in their sea-side cottage really should get in touch with her.







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